

Apu - The Simpsons

"From the Dirt Up"

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[Intro: Doc Doom]

Yeah, it's the world's greatest
Black Knights, yeah
Come from the dirt on up
Straight nuttin', nigga
Zip, zero, mothafuckin' zilch
Comin', straight shinin'
Do that shit

[Chorus 2X: singer]

Startin' From the Dirt Up, niggas gettin' murdered
Livin' in these ghetto streets
Switchin' for a come up, how can you come up?
Livin' in these ghetto streets

[Doc Doom]

The only way's up, cuz a nigga been down too long
Lost peers and shed tears, a nigga done frown too long
In these ghetto streets where we settle peace with
metal heats
So many murdered fleets, I can't sleep, you peddle
rocks in the street
That street value is dirt cheap, hustle amongst thieves
And creep, snakes and chiefs, that'll do anything to
makes ends meet
That's why my family ties, bloodlines run deep through
my veins
But it's hard to feel the stress of another man's pain
Through the rain comes the sunshine
It's hard to survive in the hood with just one nine
That's why my grind'll never stop
Til me and my niggas are sittin' on yachts, pollyin'
stocks
From the Dirt Up

[singer]

Ohh.. ohh.. ohh..

[Monk]

I woke up quick, it was about a quarter to noon

Realized a nigga had to be in Compton soon
And I never listened to my mother
It went through one ear and out the other
My style as a juvenile, I ran with a gang
Slang in the meanwhile, just to have change
Fascinated by the street life, want all thangs
White walls, hundred spokes
I never rock murder-ones, cuz I sport low shields and
locs
Forties, chronic, weed and the wet smoke
Cuz I'm a gangsta at havin' fun
I never left the south, without packin' a gun
I put fools in check, pull triggers, hot slugs'll put you in
check
From the Dirt Up

[Chorus 2X]

[Sandman]

From the Dirt Up, niggas ain't knowin' what we be doin'
West Coast, what? Killa Bees, rippin' and ruin
Keepin' it true in, any form, shape or fashion
Holler at my niggas 'bout some drama, it's on and
crackin'
We stay mashin', whatever happen, it's on
Cock my pistol as the bullets whistle straight to ya
dome
Leavin' haters alone, cuz we don't fuck with fake
niggas
Game recognize game, that's why we clicked up with
RZA
Give a nigga just a minute to spit a few lines
And watch me flip it like a verb cuz I want the whole
nine
And I holds mine, ain't no time to sleep where we
hangin'
That's why I'm bangin' with these niggas, yellin',
Knights or Nathan
From the Dirt Up

[singer]

Ohh.. ohh.. ohh..

[Crisis]

Yeaaaaah!

While you niggas star-struck, me and my niggas
stickin' stars up
Steppin' to us is steap as water, at all times
Far rhymes, delivered in the purest forms
Did order livin', would be dead in in jail, but yo, I
proved mine

Did wrong, movin' on, with the script, so I spit the gift
Got 'em frost bit, frozen stiff, From the Dirt Up, word up
Nann Nigga bet' not hurt a hair on my nigga's head or I
manifest the murder
Not on wax but on the crevices, bumps and cracks of
the streets, reality rap
Too much for ya salary cap
Yo, the flow is priceless, Crisis dominate mic devices
Competition end up pumped up, exit lifers
Steppin' to the almighty like they wanna speak a peak
of God's widey, From the Dirt Up

[Chorus 4X]

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